

A DREAM BESIDE THE SEA.

One night beside the sea I fell asleep, when came a dream,
Alone afloat within a boat, while brisk winds blew about,
I saw the white-capped surges dance beneath the silver moon,
With winds, clear waves, the silver sail and my own soul in tune,
And drifting so and rocking slow there clearly came to me
With meanings new and stories true the voices of the sea.

In its grand chorus came the drowning sailor's last sad wail,
Upon the cheery shouts of those who friends in passing hail,
The music of a maiden's tones who with her lover sailed,
The voice of one who sought the Pole tenaciously and failed;
And there were souls of wives bereaved, of sailors' orphans sad,
Of happy, pleasure-seeking crowds, and youthful lovers glad.

The stern commands in warlike tones of Vikings known of old,
The sturdy hail of Spanish braves who searched the west for gold,
The battle shouts of Nelson's men at red Trafalgar heard,
The bold defiance which rose when their stripes occurred,
The buccaner's rough rasping yell, the pirate's dreaded cry,
The shrieks and moans of battling braves who for their country die.

The sweet Te Deum which arose when bold Columbus led
His navigators through new worlds with strong and conquering tread,
The hymns which fishers' wives send out to guide their husbands home,
The shrieks for help from shipwrecked throngs that pierced heaven's arched dome,
The sigh of scented breezes drawn through tropic flowers and palms,
The murmurs of the coral caves in peaceful eyes and calms.

All these and more so long in one grand thunderous sound revealed
Came then distinct and clear to me in that bright night revealed,
And then I knew the mighty deep in shout, and sob and laugh,
Was but a million memories voiced, a mighty photograph,
'Twas then my soul and senses knew what plainly came to me,
Revealed in whispers soft as silk, in antisms full and free,
That all these garnered sounds made up the music of the sea.

—I. Edgar Jones.

The Outcome of a Kind Thought

By MARGARET BEDFORD.

"Such a pretty wedding, Janet," said Miss Faith Morton, as she turned from the window.

"So pretty. White satin, lovely shower bouquets, storms of rose petals, prancing horses, eight pretty young bridesmaids and such kind-looking papas and mamas and jolly brothers; a handsome bride and bridegroom, too. I'm sure they'll be happy. It's an ideal wedding! And I'm growing a connoisseur in weddings. How many have I watched since we came to this house? And you said we should have nothing to look at but the old chapel, and that we'd be dull, Janet."

"Some of the weddings are lively," admitted Janet, as she cleared the table. "Others look forlorn enough. There was one yesterday that made me feel inclined to cry."

"Yes," said Miss Faith. "I'm sorry, too, when I see no beauty or joy expressed—but some people do like quiet weddings."

"Well, you wouldn't catch me marrying in a crowded church, but I'd like a friend or two to wish me joy. They must feel a bit dreary coming away by themselves."

Janet carried out her last tray, and with another glance at the quiet square, looking more deserted than usual in contrast to the gay throng that had lately filled it, Miss Faith returned to her sewing.

One chilly morning during the following week Miss Faith looked into the chapel to ask a question of Mrs. Morland, the chapel keeper's wife, who informed her that there had just been a wedding.

"They are in the vestry signing their names now," she said.

A moment later the bride and bridegroom, followed by the bridesmaid and groomsmen, entered. As they walked through the church Miss Faith shrank back into a pew. The girls were gaily and unsuitably dressed in cheap finery, and already the rain and mud had stained and dragged their clothes.

Miss Faith watched the forlorn little wedding party leave the church, and then she looked round.

"How depressing! How dreary!" she muttered. "And I was the first they met in their new life, and I wish either too stupid or too shy to wish them joy. I do wish them every happiness, and if I hadn't been so reserved I'd have told them so. Oh, what a cold world it looks this morning! I wonder their hearts don't fall them."

The rain beat on the long blank windows and the wind howled as it swept past.

"And I never wished them joy," Faith repeated.

"They'll be soaked before they leave, Miss," Mrs. Morland volunteered; "their train isn't due for an hour and a half."

"How dreary the chapel looks!" said Faith absently.

"The chapel can't always be smart; it must be cleaned sometimes," answered Mrs. Morland, sharply.

"No flowers, no beauty—so different to the wedding last week."

"Well, Miss, some of you ladies might ornament the place with flowers; dusting and sweeping occupies me," replied Mrs. Morland.

Miss Faith caught at the suggestion eagerly.

"I'll be delighted to keep the Communion table supplied with flowers, if I may," she said.

The consent of the officials was willingly given, and Miss Faith lingered over her first attempt at decorating for a wedding, touching and arranging the flowers with loving, artistic care, screening with moss and delicate fern the plain, yellow wood.

"At least, this pure white face will smile at them," she thought, as she looked into the shadowy depths of a Madonna lily.

As her love of beauty and desire that at least the heart of the church should be suggestive of gracious welcome increased, she covered the faded cushions with silk, embroidered by her own hands, and as she worked she wove romances about the weddings which passed her window.

One day Miss Faith was carrying an armful of Marguerite daisies into the church when in the porch she met a wedding.

She hesitated; then, remembering the first wedding she had allowed to pass by her unnoticed, she said in a very spasmodic and nervous voice: "Perhaps I am the first you have met in your new life—may I wish you joy?"

"You shall begin with flowers in your path," she said, as she left them.

The couple lived happily together, and one of their standard stories so long as they lived was of the charming lady who started their married life with flowers and good wishes.

"Now, Miss Faith, here's something in your line," said Mrs. Morland, bustling into the church where Faith was arranging her flowers one day.

"I'm wedding at 3 o'clock in the morning—special license—some story behind it, I think!"

Faith finished her attentions to the chapel with unusual care.

"No one will convince me that they won't be homestead and need cheering. I'll come in and wish them joy; it can't do any harm, and it may do good," Faith said to herself.

The following morning, in the cold, gray light, Faith slipped into the chapel.

Mrs. Morland and her husband were to have been the witnesses, but he had been seized with influenza.

"You'll witness, won't you, Miss Faith?" Mrs. Morland asked, as Faith came in.

"Yes," said Faith, in rather awed tones.

She sat in the front pew, thinking of the young people, and as the fragrance of the flowers ascended, her prayers for their happiness mingled with it.

And then the bride, followed by the bridegroom, entered.

Faith gasped convulsively.

She forgot how the years had passed. Surely this was the man who had promised to make her his bride!

The wedding ceremony passed dream-like. Faith heard his name—Donald Graham. Graham was the name she had once expected to be her own.

She listened absently to the tearful, trembling voice of the bride as she responded, and she began to think.

This was not her Donald, for he had been unfaithful long ago. Twenty-eight years had passed since he had married her beautiful, treacherous friend. But if not her Donald, this might be his son. She had followed her lover's life with interest, and knew that his wife, who had died a few years before, had never made him happy. Faith was beginning to guess at the state of affairs sharply now. This boy had been Donald's only comfort; why, then, was he here, being married without his father's presence, perhaps without his consent?

The wedding was over, and the names signed. Before Miss Faith had decided what to say or do the bride turned to her.

"I don't know who you are, and why you are here, or whether you and these flowers are connected except in my own mind, but I want to thank you for your presence."

"I came to wish you joy," said Miss Faith, simply.

The bride did not look joyful, the tears were filling her eyes, and the bridegroom was obviously uncomfortable.

"I'm sure you've been sent specially; you've no idea how I dreaded this wedding—I mean, being married in this way. It is so different to all I've expected, and it seems—underhand; but somehow you've made it seem homelike, and the flowers helped, too."

Miss Faith turned to Donald Graham.

"I had no idea when I came in who you were, but as it happens, I am an old friend of your father," she said.

"Oh! I knew you belonged to our line," said the bride. "You just looked like a benevolent fairy—no, like a kind mother or aunt," with a little hysterical sob.

"Will you come into my house? I should feel it such an honor if you would take your wedding breakfast with me," Miss Faith said.

The young couple gladly accepted the invitation, and while Janet prepared the meal they sat by the cozy fire and told Miss Faith of the poor bride's loneliness in her position as governess to a very inconsiderate, selfish family living in the town.

"The last time I came to see her I felt I couldn't leave her alone again. I'd asked father before I came away, and he absolutely refused his consent. I had plenty of money, and there was poor Dorothy drudging for an existence; it wasn't fair, and I couldn't stand it any longer."

"My conscience is making me very miserable now," said Dorothy, smiling through her tears.

"It wasn't as if Dorothy had any friends of her own to take care of her," continued Donald, indignantly. "She's quite alone in the world—except for me."

Miss Faith was a keen student of human nature, and she saw that the young people loved each other devotedly, and felt sure that Dorothy was a good girl and likely to make Donald Graham an ideal wife. At her suggestion they wrote a joint letter to Donald's father, and then, after their departure, she wrote herself to the man she had loved all her life. She told him of her meeting with the young people, of their remorse and uneasiness at their conduct, and begged him to trust to her judgment and accept her interpretation of the bride's character.

"I promise you a devoted son and a charming daughter-in-law, if you will only be forgiving and patient now," she wrote.

After posting the letter she thought all day of the young couple and recalled memories of old times.

Donald's reply brought her a mixture of joy and bitter regret.

"I believe your prophecies—only because I never knew your judgment wrong. Though I think Donald has made a hopeless mistake, I will treat his wife and him as if the wedding had been the desire of my heart—because you advise it."

A few weeks later Faith had another letter from her old lover.

"You were right. Now that Dorothy is no longer afraid of me, she has pretty manners, and is charmingly attentive to an old man, and will, I think, help to make my lonely life a little brighter."

"There has been more sympathy between Donald and me since the ex-

Woman's Realm

Quiet Manners.

I wish cities would teach their best lesson—of quiet manners. It is the foible especially of American youth—pretension. The mark of the man of the world is absence of pretension. He does not make a speech; he takes a low, business tone, avoids all brag, is nobody, dresses plainly, promises not at all, performs much, speaks in monosyllables, hugs his facts. He calls his employment by its lowest name, and so takes from evil tongues their sharpest weapon. His conversation clings to the weather and the news, yet he allows himself to be surprised into thought and the unlocking of his learning and philosophy.

How the imagination is piqued by anecdotes of some great man passing incognito, as a king in gray clothes; of Napoleon affecting a plain suit at his glittering levee; of Burns, or Scott, or Beethoven, or Wellington, or Goethe, or any conqueror of transcendence, passing for nobody; of Epaminondas, "who never says anything, but will listen eternally;" of Goethe, who preferred trifling subjects and common expressions in intercourse with strangers, worse rather than better clothes, and to appear a little more capricious than he was. There are advantages in the old hat and box coat.—From Emerson's Essays.

Prepared For Emergencies.
A woman who works all day and whose hours for pleasure are not many has a secret by which she has been able to lengthen considerably the little joys which do come occasionally, like flowers along what is ordinarily a somewhat dull pathway.

Potato Rissoles.—Add a little finely minced ham or veal to hot mashed potatoes, then shape into small balls; dip each ball into beaten egg yolk, then dredge with cracker crumbs and fry a golden brown in deep hot fat. Serve on a bed of curled parsley.

Our Cut-out Recipe.
A bureau drawer, sacred to this purpose, she keeps a pair or two of new, or at least perfectly mended stockings, a few of her prettiest handkerchiefs, some neckwear and a pretty set of undergarments. She never uses these things except for emergencies, sudden invitations and the like. Experience has taught her what to add to this resourceful drawer, and even a simple foulard dress, that she does not wear on expected occasions but keeps for "sudden calls," is kept there sometimes. Then, if the afternoon has been productive of an invitation of which she had no thought in the morning, she is able to take a fifteen minutes' nap—a wonderful freshener for an evening's revel—before dressing.

The practices of a trained nurse, who always keeps a satchel packed in readiness for a hasty summons, are also followed to a certain extent. A new tooth brush, a packet of talcum, unopened, and therefore not likely to spill; a tube of dental paste, some new wash cloths, gloves worn but once and still quite fresh, a night dress with ribbons run in—all these are in the suitcase, and they materially lessen her cares when a sudden need for a little journey chances to arise.

Our grandmothers always had "pick-up" work for the moments when the unexpected caller dropped in on them. This woman utilizes such moments for the stitches needed to keep the contents of her drawer and suitcase in perfect order, so that no hurried stitches need to be taken at the last moment.—Washington Herald.

Prompt Answering of Invitations.
Promptness in all matters connected with social life is undoubtedly one secret of popularity, for procrastinating persons not only often frustrate the plans of hostesses, but they insinuate a doubt of the desirability of the invitation received. For it is true that human nature is enthusiastic and usually prompt to reply to what pleases and dilatory in affairs which appear dull. Therefore when there is tardiness in acknowledging an invitation, the woman who sent it naturally wonders if the recipient considers it undesirable. Now, such an idea is an unpleasant one for those who entertain to conceive, for in the future persons who inspire it may not be asked to dinners, etc.

To acknowledge an invitation in the mail following that which brings it is none too prompt, and as a rule can be done. Naturally a woman sometimes must wait to consult her husband as to whether the time suits him, but should he be out of town, so she cannot hear from him on the same day, she should refuse or accept the invitation without consulting him and adhere rigidly to her word afterward.

If she finds her husband has made a previous engagement he must break it, for she cannot upset a hostess' plan by falling after accepting the invitation. Should a woman refuse, and find later that her husband can go, she is not at liberty to retract her refusal. Incidentally a woman is not supposed to accept for herself, and decline for her husband, or vice versa, when both have been invited. And it is a wise husband who makes no social engagements without first consulting his wife. If he is willing to follow this course many a contretemps will be avoided.

When it comes to arriving promptly at dinner, luncheon or whatever time for which one is asked, every effort should be made to be prompt. Every hostess should give her guests five minutes' grace, but later than that may mean the ruin of the whole meal. When such a delay happens, the persons causing it are not likely to be popular with any one present. If there is to be a delay, which is unavoidable, a guest should telephone

immediately to the hostess, explaining, and saying precisely how long it will be. Then the hostess is saved speculating as to whether the delinquents may not appear.—Rosanna Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.

A Formal Church Service.

"Dear Miss Schuyler:
"Kindly give full information of how to conduct a church wedding when there is a maid of honor, bridesmaids, flower girls, ushers and best man. Also, who presents the gifts to the bridal attendants?"—T. H. Z."

A rehearsal of the procession the day before a church wedding is frequently gone through to avoid mistakes at the ceremony. In all details the rehearsal must be the same as for the event, and there is no doubt that the practice improves the artistic effect.

Brides are late at the church, and probably always will be, so it is not safe to say that the bridegroom and his best man should leave the robing room and proceed to the steps of the church at the moment the ceremony is to take place. These two important personages are not with the bride, for the bridegroom meets his future wife in the church. He does not go there with her. The safest way of preventing a delay is to have some one stationed at the door who can signal the two men when the bride arrives.

At such signal the bridegroom, followed by the best man, walks to the center of the chancel steps and faces the church to await the arrival of the bride. She by this time should have started down the aisle to the chancel,

though she is the last of her procession. Heading it are the ushers, walking two and two. Directly behind them are the little flower girls and then the bridesmaids, also walking two and two.

The maid of honor walks alone, directly in front of the bride, who is escorted either by her father or the male relative who is to give her away. When she reaches the chancel steps, she drops her escort's arm and takes her place beside her intended husband, the father or relative staying behind at her left. By this time the bridesmaids should have grouped themselves at the left, with the flower girls in front, the ushers at the right. The best man's place is just behind, at the right of his friend.

The father stays until he gives the bride away, when he steps back to a seat in the front pew.

The maid of honor has no duties save to hold the bride's bouquet, which is given to her before plighting the troth. After the ceremony, before the bride faces the church, the maid of honor returns the bouquet and puts back the veil from the bride's face.

Leaving the church the order of procession changes. The little flower girls start first, scattering flowers as they walk and directly behind are the newly married couple. The maid of honor and best man are side by side just behind them, and then follow the ushers and bridesmaids, each man walking with a girl.

Having taken the bridesmaids to the door, the ushers return singly and begin to escort the invited guests to the doors.

The bride presents gifts to the maids, and the bridegroom gives his best man and ushers souvenirs.—Rosanna Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.

FRILLS FASHION

Skirts are fuller without being voluminous.

Sleeves generally are still close-fitting and quite long.

Lingerie gowns are taking on touches of bright colors.

Kimono sleeves remain quite fashionable for elaborate gowns.

Colored embroidery on white is one of the fads of the season.

A noticeable feature of the season's blouses is the tendency to simulate a side-front closing.

Suede, patent leather and natural kid belts are in high style with silk, wool and linen costumes.

Long skirts are worn for afternoon and evening, but even at such times many women wear short skirts.

A unique and most effective trimming for a gown is made of shirings of satin over colored satin tulle.

The shawl-shaped collar, cut pretty narrow, is quite prominent, being faced with satin, moire and even velvet.

Rather striking are the long evening gloves of white suede with the back stitching of the seams done in black.

The chateaucer belt pin may be in gilt or silver, with the rooster head in gold and red. The head is in half relief.

Coat lengths vary a good bit, though most of them are below the hip depth, and a number have novel vest effects.

Coat lengths are a bit shorter, varying from thirty-two inches to the half length, which is usually that of the Russian blouse.

Carnegie says he has made forty-seven millionaires.

The Farm

What One More Ear of Corn Would Do.

Professor P. G. Holden, of Iowa, shows what benefit to his State just one more ear of corn to each hill on every corn field would do. He says:

"If one more little ear of corn to each hill were added it would mean a half million dollars more for every one of the ninety-nine counties of the State. Ten bushels more of corn to each acre planted would make \$50,000,000 more to be added to the total of Iowa's wealth each year. Our present average yield for Iowa is only thirty-five bushels to the acre. The cause for this poor yield is barren seed corn, and the remedy is the testing of every ear to be planted and the selection of the best seed corn for planting."

Alfalfa and Weed.
Ordinarily, if a farmer sows alfalfa in the spring, he has his old enemy, the weeds, to contend with. If the season be damp and cloudy, the alfalfa may not grow fast, but weeds will. Therefore June may see him mowing to retard a rampant growth of weeds instead of gathering a profitable cutting of prime hay. It is not improbable that he may be doing the same in July or in September, thus losing a whole season. Again, the spring preparation comes when the farmer needs to be working his corn and potato land, hence he is likely to slight or neglect the careful preparation of the alfalfa ground and so do a poor job with it. In such cases, the usual result of a "poor stand." Then, too, the frequent rains interfere with regular disking and harrowing and the weeds may obtain a start the farmer cannot check.—From Coburn's "The Book of Alfalfa."

Fertilizers.
In experiments made at the agricultural station of Lausanne, Switzerland, for the purpose of determining the effect of potash fertilizers upon natural meadows, two neighboring fields, having almost identical soils of glacial marl, showed a marked difference in effect, and, very curiously, the soil of the field that had yielded the larger crop was found, after harvest, to contain more potash than that of the other field. This remarkable result has been traced to the influence of drainage. The better drainage of the field which yielded the larger crop promoted the circulation of air and water in the soil, favored the assimilation of soluble nutrient, and caused the roots to extend to a greater depth and utilize a large volume of earth. This example shows that the fertility of a soil cannot always be determined by chemical analysis alone.

The Abnormal Appetite of Cattle.
Dr. David Roberts, Wisconsin State Veterinarian, says many cattle with an abnormal appetite have a strong desire to lick the walls, dirt and filth that a healthy animal would have no desire for. This would indicate a derangement of the digestive organs.

If animals thus afflicted are neglected they will soon run down in flesh, drop off in their milk and become a bill of expense rather than a profitable animal.

To overcome this trouble the animal should be given good, clean, nutritious, digestible feed and with same a tonic to regulate the digestive organs.

Offentimes an animal thus afflicted is disposed of at an unreasonably small amount, and if by chance this animal is purchased by one well versed in the care and treatment of such animals, is converted into a profitable animal at a very little expense.

Caution About Corn.
Several Ohio correspondents report that the corn which they expected to sell for seed has shown such low percentages of germination that they cannot offer it for that purpose. It looks all right, but it does not grow. Western exchanges report that germination tests made thus far indicate that a very large proportion of the corn saved for seed will not germinate, though it is apparently very good and in fine condition. A few years ago much of the corn didn't look as if it would germinate and people became very careful about their seed corn. This year's condition is more dangerous, because the corn is apparently sound, and farmers will therefore believe it to be all right without testing it. Testing seed corn is so easily done, and its importance so great that it should become universal practice, especially when there is so much doubt about vitality as there is this year.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Getting the Garden Ready.
When one wishes to start a garden in spring it is nearly always worth while to begin operations the previous autumn. Very often the ground to be used is covered with sod, in which case it is always necessary to plow or spade it the fall before in order that the frost may act upon it and enable the gardener to get the soil into good workable condition when he wishes to plant the spring crops. The ground very often is full of roots of witch-grass or quack-grass, and it is very necessary that these roots should be eradicated before the crops are planted. The best time to do this is in the autumn, when the gardener has comparative leisure. And the best way to do it is to dig out the root stocks with a fork, which will not break them off as does a hoe or spade. The ground also is likely to be more or less filled with stones and rocks, and it is very desirable that these should be removed before the crops are planted.

Consequently, if you desire to have a successful garden next season, decide on its location this fall, get the ground as well prepared as possible, and leave it in such condition that the freezing and thawing in the winter will help in giving the soil a finely pulverized condition, in which the

roots of plants can grow to much better advantage than in soil where the particles are coarse. You will also thus be able to draw plans for your garden during the winter months with more assurance of success than if you leave all the preparations to the few weeks of spring, when there are so many things to take up the time and attention of the gardener.—The House Beautiful.

The Fine Garden.
What is a garden? It is man's report of earth at her best. It is earth emancipated from the commonplace. Earth is man's intimate possession—earth arrayed for beauty's bridal. It is man's love of loveliness carried to excess—man's craving for the ideal carried to a fine lunacy. It is piquant wonderment; culminated beauty, that for all its combination of telling and select items, can still contrive to look natural, debonair, native to its place. A garden is nature aglow, illuminated with new significance. It is nature on parade before man's eyes; Glorious Field in every parish, where on summer days she holds court in "lanes of splendor," beset with pomp and pageantry more glorious than all the kings."

"Why is a garden made?" Primarily, it would seem, to gratify man's craving for beauty. Behind fine gardening is fine desire. It is a plain fact that men do not make beautiful things merely for the sake of something to do, but rather because their souls compel them. Any beautiful work of art is a feat, an essay, of human soul. Someone has said that "no noble dreams are great realities"—this in praise of unrealized dreams; but here, in the fine garden, is the noble dream and the great reality.—John D. Sedding, Garden Craft, The House Beautiful.

The Jersey Cow.
A correspondent asks us how it is that Jersey cattle are so preserved in uniform appearance and conformation. If our correspondent will consider and reflect a little upon the law of the Jersey Island, that for a great number of years back in the centuries, no other cattle could be brought there. Under this law the purity as well as uniformity of the breed has been preserved down to the present, and this has made the Jersey cow so generally regarded as the dominant breed of the world. In his reference to some of the early importations to this country, the well known writer on Jersey cattle, Valancey E. Fuller, says:

Like every breed, the Jersey breed has strains or families that stand out prominently. One of the first to attain any considerable notoriety in the olden days was that of Albert 44, who was the sire of six daughters in the fourteen-pound list, the most famous of whom was Couch's Lily, who made sixteen pounds five and one-half ounces in seven days, and seventy-one pounds in thirty days. I know Couch's Lily, and while she was considered a great cow and a great breeder in those days, she was not noted for beauty. Lady Mel 24 was another daughter of Albert 44, who deservedly had a national reputation, as she had a record of 183 pounds in sixty-one days. I question if she was as well known as Couch's Lily, and yet she should have enjoyed even a better reputation.

And so in preserving this great dairy breed constant importations are being made from the Jersey Island, and fresh blood infused in the breeding of Jerseys.

Minister and Farmer.
From an interesting address before the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, by Wm. H. Bowker, on the "Farmer Minister Needed," we clip the following:

"In my judgment, the country minister has not lost his hold; he has simply lost his bearings. When the sky clears and he can take observations on the sun and stars, he will steer himself and his craft, of which he is captain, into the new channels of industrial as well as spiritual opportunity, only we must give him the encouraging word. And why should he not be a leader in this old, but to him, new field? In the first place, he is generally a student, trained to investigate, to use books, to think on his feet, to express himself, and usually he does it remarkably well. With his training and alert mind he can become of great assistance in promulgating the new agriculture; he can help to popularize the sciences which underlie it, chemistry, botany, entomology and especially bacteriology, which deals with the hidden, forceful life in the soil.

"For example: If he has only a garden, why should he not experiment with garden crops, and if he loves flowers, with the growing of sweet peas? He can show how the inoculation of the sweet pea seed with bacteria cultures will increase the nodules on the roots of the plant, thus enabling it to gather nitrogen and produce abundant flowers. On Sunday he can take a vase of these flowers to his pulpit and in a prelude, if you please, or after the service, he can explain how he succeeded in growing such beautiful blossoms. He might display some of the roots and show how the nodules on them, and show how infinite and wonderful are God's ways.

"As the sweet pea belongs to the great leguminous family, which embraces peas, beans and clover, he can show the farmers of his parish who happen to be present (and they would be present if they knew he had a message of this sort to deliver), how the inoculation of the clover seed would insure its growth and thereby increase the fertility of the farm by drawing from the great reservoir of the air stores of nitrogen which are needed for the upbuilding of crop life. Here is one of a hundred messages or little preludes or sermons, which the rural minister may carry to his farmer neighbors and parishioners."